The which he lackes, that to prouoke in him
Are many simples operatiue, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
*Cord.* All blest secrets, all you vnpublisht vertues of the earth,
Spring with my teares, be aidant and remediat
In the good mans distresse, seeke, seeke for him,
Least his vngouernd rage dissolue the life,
That wants the meanes to leade it.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messen.* Newes Madam, the British powers are marching hetherward.
*Cord.* Tis knowne before, our preparation stands
In expectation of them, ô deare Father,
It is thy businesse that I go about, therefore great *France*,
My mourning and important teares hath pittied,
No blowne ambition doth our armes insite,
But loue, deare loue, and our aged fathers right,
Soone may I heare and see him. *Exit.*

*Enter Regan and Steward.*

*Reg.* But are my brothers powers set foorth?
*Stew.* I Madam.
*Reg.* Himselfe in person?
*Stew.* Madam with much ado, your sister's the better Soldier.
*Reg.* Lord *Edmund* spake not with your Lady at home?
*Stew.* No Madam.
*Reg.* What might import my sisters letter to him?
*Stew.* I know not Lady.
*Reg.* Faith he is posted hence on a serious matter,
It was great ignorance, *Gloucesters* eies being out,
To let him liue, where he arriues he moues
All hearts against vs, and now I thinke is gone,
In pitty of his misery to dispatch his nighted life,
Moreouer to descrie the strength of the Army.
*Stew.* I must needs after him with my Letters.
*Reg.* Our troope sets foorth to morrow, stay with vs,





The wayes are dangerous.
*Stew.* I may not Madam,
businesse.
*Reg.* Why should she w
Transport her purposes by
Something, I know not wh
Let me vnseale the Letter.
*Stew.* Madam Ide rather
*Reg.* I know your Lady
I am sure of that: and at he
She gaue strange aliads, and
To Noble *Edmund*, I know
*Stew.* I Madam.
*Reg.* I speake in vnderst
Therefore I do aduise you
My Lord is dead, *Edmund*
And more conuenient is he
Then for your Ladies: you
If you do finde him, pray y
And when your mistris hea
I pray desire her call her wi
If you do chance to heare
Preferment fals on him tha
*Stew.* Would I could me
What Lady I do follow.
*Reg.* Fare thee well.

*Enter Glo*

*Glo.* When shall we com
*Edg.* You do climbe it v
*Glo.* Me thinkes the grou
*Edg.* Horrible steepe: he
*Glo.* No truly.
*Edg.* Why then your oth
By your eies anguish.
*Glo.* So may it be indeed
Methinkes thy voice is alte

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